

Destiny's Chosen

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Summary: Sora didn't now how it happened. What he does know is that he and Harry Potter now share the same body- and Sora's the kind of person who will do anything for those he loves. So, he'll protect this boy. And, of course, Ventus is in for the ride.

Destiny's Chosen

A/N: second spin off to Reincarnation Roulette! Enjoy

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Warnings: None for this chapter. Unless you count spoilers for a game you've probably already played and beaten.

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><p>Chapter 1

****Two Teens and a Baby****

Sora didn't know how it happened.

Memories are fragile things.

They can be manipulated.

They can be changed.

They can be twisted.

They fade with time.

And, most important of all, they can be suppressed.

Sora suspected that this case was suppression in particular. Most

people, of course, wouldn't have noticed. What's the point of messing with someone's memories if they're aware, afterall?

Sora, however, was not most people.

Sora, Unlike the typical person, had the displeasure of once meeting a charming smiling blond girl with a penchant for memory manipulation that had left him, the victim, unconscious for months on end to fix the damage.

Not that Sora blamed Namine for that. No, he was too kind in that regard.

Marluxia, however?

Wellâ€¦

Let's just say there was a reason that particular member of the Organization was no longer among the living.

Sora felt himself flow away.

All that he was seemed to break apart. Looking around, he could see his rather vast array of other personalities seem to split as if they were constructed of paper.

Roxas.

Xion.

Ventus.

Vanitas.

It was then that Sora realized what this was.

This wasn't him fading into the dark. Thisâ€¦ This was possibly worse than even that.

"Oh. I lost. I'mâ€¦ Dying. Huh."

Sora didn't think after that. Sora was gone after that.

* * *

><p>Voldemort didn't bat an eyelash as the Mudblood fell before him. Lily Potter gave a final shuddering breath as her body dropped. With a dull thud, she collided with the floor, eyes wide and unseeing. The Dark Lord then turned his eyes towards the small child. Disgust soon filled him as his gaze locked with that of the child's.<p>

Thisâ€¦

This boy was destined to strike him down?

Him?

The most powerful sorcerer in the world, felled by the tainted son of a Mudblood and a Bloodtraitor? The very notion was inconsolable! It

was insane! Asinine! It made his blood scream in rage!

Voldemort was far from sane.

One does not split their heart into so many shards and expect to remain sane. The heart, the soul, call it what you will. Voldemort was a strange being in that regard.

He was like Vanitas, a being of pure darkness. Simultaneously, he was like the Nobodies, beings who had lost their hearts, their souls, the true ability to feel anymore.

Yes, Nobodies could eventually grow new hearts. However, these new hearts were, to be blunt, inefficient. Only the original would suffice. Voldemort had no heart. He had no soul.

Voldemort lost that long ago, alongside his humanity. He'd surrendered it in exchange for immortality.

And that darkness he'd so lovingly embraced showed itself now as he waved his wand.

"Avada Kedavra!"

Destiny, however, is cruel.

For, what other explanation would there be as Voldemort's curse rebounded upon himself and little Harry screamed?

* * *

><p>Sora's eyes snapped open. With a start, he felt a shock pass through his body.<p>

"Where?..."

Destiny Island.

He was back.

Back home.

Back where it all began.

Sora's shinning blue eyes took it all in, from the glimmering ocean that reflected the sunlight to the warm sand beneath his feet, the old treehouse, the encroaching darkness that threatened to swallow everything whole again-

Wait.

Encroaching darkness?

With surprise, Sora leaped up.

"What's happening?"

"Huh. That was quick. Figured we'd last more than a year that time."

Sora spun at the voice.

A shot of relief filled him at a familiar face. Ignoring the crack of thunder above and the rapidly darkening skies, Sora cried out.

"Roxas!"

The blond, however, shook his head.

"No. I'm not Roxas. At the same time, I guess I am. You could say he's our kid if you think about it? I mean, he's us mixed together, so..." The blond tilted his head in confusion. Confusion that Sora could emphasize with. The blond then shrugged. "Whatever. It doesn't matter. What does matter is-"

"Ventus." Sora interrupted, excitement filling him. This was the person he had been sent to find! Master Yen Sid would be-

Except.

Sora was.

Well.

Dead.

"Who I am doesn't matter! What matters is that our vessel isâ€¦ Well. Dying."

Sora froze.

"Vessel? Wait, were inside someone?"

Sora vividly remembered his own brutal duel with Roxas. He remembered the desperation, the despair, the utter hopelessness shining in the eyes of his counterpartâ€¦

Because Sora had taken everything.

Sora's very existence meant Roxas couldn't live as well. Sora hadn't understood that, however, and had just assumed Roxas was another rouge member of the Organization so Sora had responded the same way he'd responded to Xaldin and Demyx.

Then, the second part of Ventus's words penetrated his thoughts. Sora paled.

"Dying? Thisâ€¦ Vessel is dying?"

Ventus nodded grimly.

"If it wasn't for the fact that he's your reincarnation, he'd be dead, period. But, you're a Keyblade Wielder who literally died, became a demon, and then lived again. While still technically being split in half. Seriously, other than you, the only one to survive like that is Xehanort."

"You also got split in half too." Sora couldn't help but point

out.

Ventus shrugged.

"True. But, unlike you, it was a lot less messy. Xehanort knew what he was doing. My two halves were still human. You, on the other hand, got turned into a Nobody and a Heartless. And you were both pretty much conscious. That's unheard of, except with Xehanort. But that's not the point. The vessel is dying."

Sora grimaced. The island around him was shattering apart even as they spoke. It reminded him of when it had actually happened in his memories.

That was not a pleasant experience.

"Is there anything we can do?"

Because, there had to be something, anything. Sora didn't want this new person to die.

"You'd have to take control."

Sora froze.

Slowly, his eyes met with Ventus'.

"Define 'take control'."

"This boy won't survive out of his own will. He's too young. You'll have to take control, completely."

Sora shuddered at the very idea. It made him sick to his stomach.

He never told anyone about his nightmares.

He never spoke of those few moments when he wasn't in control of his own body.

Then again, everyone else had seen. They'd assumed it was Sora's own internal darkness. In a way, they were right.

Vanitas counted as internal darkness, right?

"Like Vanitas." Sora shuddered at the very thought. Ventus grimaced and Sora hid a wince.

Riku had broken Sora's possession. Ventus had broken his own, and it really hasn't been pretty.

"I won't!"

"Then we die here! Chose!"

Sora gripped his head. Not good. Not good. The wind around them picked up. The old Palm tree was blown to pieces. What to do, what to do, there had to be another solution, another way, anything!

Suddenly, with a snap, Sora got it.

Grinning, his eyes locked with Ventus'.

"Got it."

And the world flashed around them.

* * *

><p>Shh. It's alright. I've got you.

Little Harry, however, just kept on crying.

Mommyâ€| Why wasn't mommy moving? Why wouldn't she get up? Was this a new game? Harry didn't like this game. He didn't like that man. He didn't like pain that green light had caused and everything was messy and Harry was scared.

A sudden sob broke through Hardy's thoughts. Blinking, the toddler looked up.

"Oh, thank Merlin!"

Harry found himself swept up.

"Pa'foo!" He cried. Strong baby arms wrapped around Sirius's neck as the little boy cried onto his shoulder.

Sirius sighed.

"There, there. It's okay, little guy. Uncle Pa'foo has you."

Except Uncle Pa'foo didn't keep him. Instead, despite Harry's protests, the toddler was handed over to Hagrid.

And that was how Sora found himself waking up in the back of a toddler's mind, trapped in a broom cupboard of all things.

* * *

><p>Ventus stood tall and proud.<p>

"I won't let you harm them. Either of them."

The wraith- for that's all it could be truly called- hissed. A keyblade flashed into Ventus' hand as he deflected a thin shadow blade that the wraith shot towards him.

"I've contained evil before. I used my own body to seal away a monster before, and trust me, you are nothing in comparison."

With that, Ventus struck.

Thisâ€| Thing wouldn't be escaping. He'd make sure of that.

* * *

><p>AN: So, I had a spin off request for a KH reincarnation story featuring Sora. Which is fine with me since KH was one of my favorite games when it first came out. Ironically, it got me into DMC since

they're both hack and slash, but I'm getting off topic.

Thanks for reading!

End
file.